Twenty Four Hours

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Twenty Four Hours

by TigerPrawn

Summary

This could be a scandal!

Chapter 1

“Hey! Watch it kid!” A voice growled at him in the hotel hallway.

Hannibal looked up and cocked a brow. The man who had nearly barrelled into him was a police officer, looking agitated and harried as he ground to a halt.

The man had been hurrying down the hallway when Hannibal opened the door to place their empty room service trolley outside. Room service was taking an age to come and collect it and he didn’t want this night to drag on any longer than it needed to. Thankfully it hadn’t been knocked over in the man’s haste.

Hannibal had to admit, it was quite a curious thing to see a police officer in this hotel. It was one of the more lavish ones he’d stayed in.

“Is there a problem officer?” Hannibal asked, leaning against the door jam so that his incredibly sheer robe slipped open just enough to show he was completely naked underneath.

The officer blinked for a moment, as if confused, and then clenched his jaw before grumbling, “Just go about your business.”

“Yes, officer.” Hannibal replied in his most charming tone, trying not to grin as it became obvious how much the man was trying not to look him up and down. And most especially, somewhere near the middle.

“Jacque, come back to bed darling,” Peter’s voice sounded from within and the officer flushed completely red before walking away.

Hannibal smirked and watched him go before taking a deep breath and heading back in.

*

Will woke with a slamming headache and a hope that the day before had just been a bad fucking dream.

He sat up and drank down some water before searching his bag for some aspirin. His phone sat on the side counter next to his bag, alert light blinking.

Will took a breath and unlocked the screen, notification after notification popping up. No, definitely hadn’t been a nightmare.

He groaned and threw his phone on the bed before necking some aspirin and heading into the shower.

An hour later, Will was feeling fresher and slightly more alive. Enough to order some room service breakfast. Which only served to bring back a visual of the young, fae creature down the hall. All lithe and beautiful, a light dusting of chest hair on an otherwise almost androgynous frame.

Will shook the thought away, he needed to keep a clear head to handle the fall out. He needed to ignore the distraction.

As he ate his breakfast, without drawing the curtains, Will’s phone rang.

Bev Katz. His agent.

This wasn’t going to be good.

Will answered the phone, but before he had chance to speak Bev’s voice came barking down the line.

“Will Graham are you trying to kill me? Is that what this is? You know my dad’s side of the family has a history of heart problems.”

“Bev, I-”

“No. I don’t want to know. Just,” She stopped, took a deep breath and sighed it out before continuing in a slightly softer tone. “Just, please tell me you went back to your hotel and have spoken to no one since you walked off set. I don’t want to be putting out more fires. I already have a call in twenty minutes with the studio. This is a pilot Will, they could recast you like *that*!” She snapped her fingers.

Will let out a sigh, “I haven’t talked to anyone.” Will winced as the boy flashed before his eyes again and he cleared his throat. “I had a few messages from casting, the director, the producer. I haven’t responded to them. Wanted to talk to you first.”

“Don’t respond. In fact, don’t do anything. Let me deal with it. Just go to your cabin or something. Out of the way. Lay low whilst this all blows over.”

“Bev it’s-”

“It’s bad, Will. You called the director a misogynistic pig, nearly got into a fist fight with him and then walked off set.”

“We’d finished shooting,” Will tried to interject, but she continued.

“And, oh, how do I know this? Because it has been all over the morning’s tabloids. And it’s all framed as though you were out of line and it was to cover up your inability to move from movies to TV. Fucking director must have friends in the press. I just, please, need you to step back from it all for now.”

When Will got off the phone he felt thoroughly reprimanded.

The director was a misogynistic pig, and many of the female cast didn’t feel they could speak out without repercussions. It wasn’t even a well kept secret, it was brushed off as ‘oh it’s just the way he works’, but when he made a derogatory comment to one of the twenty-something extras as they wrapped the scene, Will wasn’t about to let it slide.

Will sighed. He knew Bev would get it all sorted, but he couldn’t feel sad or wrong about what he did, even if it did cost him the job.

He’d phone his assistant, Randall, and get him to make the travel arrangements. Maybe it really was just that he couldn’t cut it in TV? Gruelling schedules, long months of shoots, last minute rewrites of scripts only learned the day before. And then assholes like this on top of that?

Will sighed and packed, making a mental note to ask the concierge to have the police costume he’d walked off set in, returned to the studio.

*

Hannibal was not flustered

He didn’t get flustered.

Although, that didn’t stop him from walking at a fast clip through the reception area.

He had to stop doing this, he knew that. He needed to find himself some sweet old sugar daddy again for a long term arrangement, and not just rent his ass out for the night to old men who would buy him pretty things. It wasn't sustainable, and a lot of them just weren't that nice.

Jacque had tried to be pleasing for Peter. And it wasn't like it was the first time he'd seen the business magnate whilst he was in the city for a conference. He had fawned over him and given him the attention and affection he wanted from his escort.

But then Peter had wanted more. More than Hannibal ever gave of himself to these men. He was perfectly happy to walk around naked for them and suck them off. But there were limits to how and what touches he allowed them of him.

When Hannibal had threatened to leave, the man had begun to cry and so Hannibal spent the rest of the evening comforting the lonely old man until he finally fell asleep.

He was still sleeping in the suite as Hannibal scurried towards the exit.

In an hour he would be back in his pay by the week motel room, and able to make a note not to see Peter again.

Hannibal was so focused on the double doors that he was aiming for, that he didn't see the other person rushing towards the exit as well.

"Fuck!" The man swore as they collided. The man's small case clattered to the floor and Hannibal started to fall.

Hannibal reached out and grabbed him, the only way to keep his balance, before looking up into the man's face. They stood frozen for a moment, gripping to each other's arms and gazing at each other, though for no other reason than recognition.

"We must stop meeting like this, officer." Hannibal crooned, and enjoyed the blush that flushed up the man's cheeks.

"I, um. I'm in a hurry. Flight to catch, sorry." The man mumbled, though his tone was gruff rather than apologetic.

"I apologise for hindering the law," Hannibal teased and stepped back, letting go of the man and looking him over. He wasn't wearing his uniform anymore but he wore the same scowl. And he looked Hannibal up and down the way he had when he was wearing his robe. Hannibal couldn't help but tease further, "Not quite as alluring as what I was wearing last night?"

He took a deep breath and for a moment Hannibal thought the man was going to growl, but he instead replied "No. It's not."

The hardness in his words made Hannibal shiver in the best way.

"Officer, if you're ever looking for a date. I'm not cheap, but I am worth it," Hannibal winked and then started towards the door.

“Fuck,” He heard behind him, and then the sound of footsteps.

Hannibal was about to turn around to say something equally as teasing when the doorman opened the door and he was hit with a wall of noise.

Hannibal walked outside and then came to a stop, blinking at the sight on the sidewalk.

Two other doormen were holding back a small crowd of excitedly screaming people, brandishing photos and pens.

Hannibal continued slowly forward, planning to head to the subway, but then the police officer exited behind him and the crowd went wild.

Hannibal stopped suddenly and the man walked into the back of him, grabbing him around the waist to stop them both from falling.

“Shit,” He muttered in Hannibal’s ear.

“Friends of yours?” Hannibal asked over his shoulder, as the crowd tried to push through, now blocking the front of the building but for the path the doormen had managed to clear to the waiting cab.

Then a few flashes went off and Hannibal wasn’t sure if it was the press of just members of the crowd. What he was sure of was that they very much looked like a couple in a near intimate embrace.

“I need to go.”

The officer let go of Hannibal and tried to walk around him, at which point they discovered that his jacket button was caught on Hannibal’s small backpack. He tried to tug it once, and then Hannibal stopped him.

“My robe is in this bag, and if you damage it.”

The man winced, his eyes glancing around the steadily growing and infringing crowd of screaming young people.

“Just get into the cab.” He growled.

Hannibal’s eyes went wide at the command, but then he allowed the smirk to emerge. “Yes, officer.” He replied flirtatiously before walking together to the cab and getting in the back seat.

*

The nightmare was never going to end, Will realised.

The cab pulled away, having to squeeze through the fans who were now wandering all over the street. He grumbled as he looked down and tried to disentangle his button from the boy’s bag.

“Here,” The boy shrugged out of the bag and set it on Will’s lap, whilst looking at him intently, making sure he didn’t damage it.

“I’m not a cop, you know?” The words came out harsher than he’d intended.

“I’d gathered that much,” The boy deadpanned, “Not like any officer I’ve ever met.”

“Get in trouble with the law often then?” Will snipped back, finally managing to unhook his button and pass the bag back.

“Nothing that I can’t get myself out of,” The boy winked at him and Will blew out a breath.

It was too early in the morning to be dealing with someone like this.

“Well, sorry for any inconvenience with all this. I guess we better drop you somewhere.” Will winced as he said it, really not wanting to detour from the airport, he was already cutting it fine. When he had asked Randall to book the next available flight, he hadn’t thought the kid would be so damn literal. He was barely going to make it to the airport at this rate.

“That would be appreciated, but a little difficult.” The boy replied with the sort of amused tone that made Will feel like it was at his expense.

Will frowned and the boy pointed out of the window. Will groaned as he saw they were already on the freeway and there really was no stopping.

“I’ll give you the cab fare back to the city.” Will offered.

“That’s acceptable.” The boy replied and settled back in the seat, in what appeared to be quiet meditation. He was so fucking calm and cool that it was actually infuriating.

The boy closed his eyes and relaxed, not opening them when he asked, “So what are you then? If you aren’t a police officer? Or would it be more accurate to ask, *who* are you?”

Will was glad the boy didn’t see him involuntarily wince at that.

Ouch.

Well he had an accent, maybe he hadn’t been in the US long?

“I’m an actor.” Will replied, not missing the amused glance of the driver in the rearview mirror. Will glared at him, which drew another smile. Clearly the driver recognised him and this must seem quite hilarious. Free entertainment that he was likely to share with all his friends.

“Oh. I don’t own a television. Would I have seen you in anything? Perhaps in the theatre?”

There was a muffled chuckle from the driver and Will narrowed his eyes.

“Um, I mostly work in movies.”

“I don’t watch many of those, either. I did watch a wonderful biopic about Stravinsky at a festival themed in his honour. You’d not have been in that?”

Will reeled and blinked. Was this guy actually for real? Who talked like this?

“No,” He finally replied. “Not that.”

Will huffed out a breath at the weird exasperation he felt. He wasn’t exactly keen on the way people often fawned over him. Not fans, those he usually had time for when he wasn’t rushing for a flight after having caused an onset scandal. No, the types he met at fundraisers and functions like that, the ones who liked to fawn over actors and ingratiate themselves. And this was the complete opposite of that.

So whilst he should appreciate and enjoy it, it was slightly odd. It reminded him of when he’d just started out and no one recognised him. Which should have been refreshing.

But the boy seemed so dismissive that it irked him and… It dawned on Will that was exactly what the boy wanted.

Will cleared his throat and relaxed into the seat, taking a breath to calm himself. He had gotten worked up, he was going to miss his flight. And this complete stranger was a lesson in composure.

“My name is Will Graham, Will.” He offered.

“Count Hannibal Lecter the Eighth, you can call me Count Hannibal or Your Excellency.”

Will rolled his eyes, “Do people ever *like* you?” The words were out of his mouth before he could stop himself.

And at that the boy, or Count, or whatever, smirked and opened his eyes.

“I believe I am fairly well liked, though most of the company I keep bore me immensely. Nothing quite as exciting as a movie star.”

Will shook his head, grumbling under his breath.

“You seem quite personable.” The Count commented and Will narrowed his eyes on him. The smirk was back, and he continued, “I was of course being sarcastic.”

“Yes, I got that.”

They settled into quiet once more, his ruffled, the boy’s amused.

This whole situation was so damn unbelievable, here he was, a forty year old successful movie star, exploring television only to cause a scandal. Now late for a flight and stuck in the back of a cab with a complete stranger. A stranger who had to be half his age and was first seen standing in the doorway of a hotel suite looking like a-

“I thought your name was Jacque? Your boyfriend not seeing you home?” Will asked before he thought better of it.

And, damn, he wished he’d thought better of it. Because the boy’s face crumbled. Just for the briefest moment, and then everything was gone. The amusement, the friendly taunts. His expression was completely level and unreadable.

“It is not Jacque, and that was not my boyfriend, as I’m sure you well know.”

“I,” Will swallowed, and the boy looked out of the window.

“I don’t feel shame in what I do. I give gentlemen some company and enjoyment and in return I get money and trinkets. It’s an honest living. Most of the time.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to-”

The boy turned to him with a cocked brow, “Of course you did. I made you uncomfortable and you sought to do the same in return.”

Will shook his head, “No, well, maybe. I just… Fuck, I’m sorry. Can we start over? We have another twenty minutes until we get to the airport and I already felt like I’d been hit by a truck when I woke up this morning.”

Hannibal let out a long sigh and gave a curt nod.

“Will,” Will said and held out his hand.

“Hannibal,” The boy replied as he took it in a gentle shake.

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Hannibal quite enjoyed talking with Will. He was an interesting man, and despite generally finding rudeness distasteful, there was something about the way Will bit back with his own banter that amused Hannibal.

In fact, Will Graham was the sort of man he might like to get to know, but it was impossible. His uncle had seen to that. It would be years before Hannibal was truly able to make his way in the world and find other means of income. His best bet was, and always had been, finding a long term sugar daddy and being a kept boy.

Preferably someone who was not inclined to grope.

For now, spending time with men he actually liked and wanted to know better, wasn’t really viable. Which was why Hannibal couldn’t help but feel a little sad when they finally pulled up to the airport.

Will looked at his watch and let out an exasperated breath, “Well, the flight left ten minutes ago.”

He leaned over and paid the cabbie and when he went to pay double for the return, Hannibal stopped him.

“I, um… I have nowhere to be today. I could come in and wait with you?”

Hannibal didn’t miss the smirk on the driver’s face, but chose to ignore it. How did he perceive this? Two men enjoying each other’s company and not wanting it to end so soon? Or a gold digger who had just found a, presumably rich, movie star as his next target?

Hannibal wasn’t even sure himself which of those was true.

Will cocked a brow and studied him for a moment, and Hannibal realised he was going to say no.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea. There are no cameras here so far, but… if there are fans and they see us together, I don’t want you to get pulled into my shit.”

Hannibal shook his head, “I understand. Though, I think the damage was already done at the hotel.”

Will grimaced, “Yeah, that’s probably true.”

They both stepped out of the cab, Will with his small wheelie case and Hannibal with his backpack. The cabbie tooted them before driving off.

“I just need to call my assistant and get him to-” Will started and then stopped as he looked at his phone. “Fuck.”

“Is everything alright?”

“My agent, um…” He held up his phone, his cheeks flushed. Hannibal read the message from someone down as ‘Katz’, asking who the hell he was leaving the hotel with, it was all over social media.

Hannibal let out a chuckle, “Oh dear, that is rather unfortunate. I hope I’ve not caused you any problems.”

Will shook his head. “No, fuck. This whole thing has been one long problem. Honestly, this cab ride has been the best thing about it. Just need to get the truth out there, it was an honest mistake.”

“Oh yes, successful actor spotted leaving a hotel with a disgraced member of European nobility. I’m sure the press will believe it’s all completely innocent.” Hannibal chuckled.

It was amusing, of course. But as he said the words, it dawned on him that really was how the press would see it. And that might be his ticket back to the way of life he had been used to.

“I… I thought you were only joking about being a Count.” Will looked at him, perplexed.

*

Will had reread the message from Bev over and over. Especially the end bit where she ordered him to ‘get this shit under control’.

What was he meant to do? Leave Hannibal there at the airport to fight off paparazzi? And what if he really was a Count? Then the press *would* be running stories speculating about them. This whole shitshow was suddenly a lot bigger and included one more person.

And that was why, when he called Randall to book the next flight, he’d booked two tickets.

It was why Hannibal had sat, bemused, next to him on the flight as the stewardess fawned over him. And why he then sat curiously watching the scenery pass in the cab out to Will’s cabin.

It wasn’t actually a cabin.

It had been, once. When he’d bought the land there had been a rundown old cabin, a one room shack really. It was still on the property and he used it now as storage for fishing tackle and the like.

Will had taken a year out from filming and had helped design and build the beautiful, sprawling house that now sat in the wooded glen. The veranda went all the way around the upper story, but was at ground level at the side, where it met a hill. At the back, the lawn gave way to woodlands, but up close to the house there was a decking area, rockeries and a swimming pool.

It was his dream home. Enough rooms to put up family when they visited, and secluded enough to be hidden from prying eyes. The entire piece of land was enclosed within a high wall, and the gate needed a security code. He paid a security company from the local town to patrol it regularly.

It was perfect.

And never before had he brought someone here.

That realisation hit him as they stepped out of the cab at the main gate. Will put in the code to the side door so that they could walk the five minutes down the driveway to his home.

He had an apartment in New York, and he stayed there a lot. It was easier to be in a big city and he’d never really felt the need to settle in California. But this was home. The place he came to unwind and be away from it all.

And now Hannibal was here with him too.

The last twenty four hours had been a wild ride, and despite everything, he wasn’t sure he wanted it to stop.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Another twenty four hours later... and then another...

Twenty Four Hours Later

“Oh daddy, right there!” Hannibal’s fist balled into the sheets as Will pounded into him from behind.

It hadn’t been his intention to sleep with the beautiful young man, until it had.

They had arrived at Will’s cabin in the middle of the afternoon, having only had the light lunch on the flight. So it had been the obvious thing for Will to have some dinner delivered. And after dinner was drinks. Then talking and laughing. And then at some point they fell asleep on the deep, plush sofa that dominated the living room.

It was one of the best dates Will had ever been on. Unexpected banter back and forth that revealed quite how terrifyingly intelligent Hannibal Lecter was. Banter that turned to flirtation at some point. The mixture of alcohol and exhaustion were the only reasons Will could think of that they didn’t fall into bed together.

Other, of course, than the fact that it had not been a date.

Hannibal was, in some bizarre way, his hostage? But a willing one. Through some insane turns of events and what he wanted to call chivalry rather than self-interest, Will hadn’t wanted to throw Hannibal to the hounds of the press.

Better they hole up in his cabin whilst Bev sorted everything out.

Better that he bury himself over and over in Hannibal’s tight ass.

“Fuck, baby, you’re so tight.” Will mumbled the words against Hannibal’s shoulder. In return he received an amused hum and a squeeze around his cock as Hannibal clenched. “Fuuckkk,” Will let out a long groan and shuddered for a moment.

Thankfully Hannibal unclenched and Will slipped back from the edge. He didn’t want to come yet. He wanted to make the most of this. It wasn’t often he got to fuck around, a draw back of being recognisable. To most people anyway.

And not only was Hannibal effortlessly beautiful, he was also engaging and challenging.

When they'd woke in the morning, Will with a small puddle of drool under his cheek, they'd laughed about staying up all night talking like teenagers.

Hannibal made the whole thing so effortless. And Will was so enchanted by the fantasy of it, that he was willing to pretend. Pretend that Hannibal wasn't practically a prostitute, or a gold digger, a sugar baby or however one might term it. Pretend that this whole situation wasn't completely bizarre and clearly being taken advantage of by both of them. Pretend that Hannibal didn't have an expectation of some sort of pay off at the end of this.

But the fantasy of a chance meeting, a date that ended with them falling asleep talking, wasn't something Will ever got to indulge in. And he was willing to pay the price for that.

He was willing to believe it all as Hannibal moaned and writhed and pushed back on his cock to meet every hard thrust.

"You feel so good, daddy." Hannibal gasped, "You're so thick, you fill me so good. I don't ever want anyone else's cock. You've ruined me for anyone else." Hannibal panted the words with a sincerity that made Will's balls draw up. And his balls weren't about to question that sincerity.

"Fuck, baby." Will groaned and settled into a better position. One strong hand gripping Hannibal's shoulder, the other his hip, as he held him in place and chased his pleasure. "You feel so good too, fucking perfect."

Will was being sincere. Sure, it had been a while, but it was no contest. Hannibal was the best fuck he'd ever had.

And maybe some of that was the lead up? The wonderful evening, the laughter in the morning as they took a grocery delivery and then unpacked it together. Bashful and sweet like any new couple having spent their first night together, with a promise of domestic bliss ahead.

It was everything Will hadn't realised he'd needed. He'd almost entirely forgotten about how and why they were there. The shit that went down on set. It didn't matter, there was only this for now.

Hannibal had made them brunch, High Life Eggs, and they had flirted over every morsel.

When Hannibal asked if he could use the shower, Will felt like an idiot. He hadn't offered, hadn't even shown Hannibal to a room. So he did that then, leaving Hannibal at one of the ensuite guest rooms before strolling back to the living room.

It felt unnaturally quiet then. Will had tried to busy himself by picking up the phone, only to discover messages from Bev, from the studio execs, from his dad. Will turned off his phone without reading any of them. For now the world didn't exist.

Only Hannibal.

Hannibal.

Oh god, Hannibal.

He'd appeared back at the top of the stairs down into the living room, clearly naked but for the sheer robe tied around him. Sheer enough to make out the athletic frame underneath. He really did look like some fantasy creature that had strolled in from the woods.

They had lost the robe somewhere between the stairs and Will's bedroom.

He hadn't let Hannibal descend, instead he'd thrown caution to the wind and raced up the stairs to pull Hannibal into a passionate kiss. They had undressed each other along the hall, and it felt like time had barely passed by the time Will rolled on a condom and thrust into the boy who had set himself on all fours before him.

"I want you to wear that robe every day," Will growled, punctuating each word with a thrust.

"Yes, daddy. Anything, anything you want." Hannibal moaned his response.

Will had never been one for kinky stuff, not full on anyways. Not that he had anything against it, the opportunity had just never presented itself and he'd never felt invested in exploring anything.

But Hannibal calling him daddy? It was fucked up and he loved it. The boy had to be half his age, though was clearly far from innocent. But that made it all the better, knowing that Hannibal could easily take charge of all of this, but wanted Will to be his daddy. Wanted him to take care of him, make him come.

"Fuck," Will's hips jerked at the thought and he moved again, moving his hand to wrap around Hannibal's waist, and his other from hip to cock, Hannibal let out a strangled cry as Will began to pump his cock in time with his thrusts. "Want you to come for me, will you come on my cock baby?"

"Yes daddy, yes, sir." Hannibal sobbed the words.

Will didn't even care if it was all an act. He just wanted Hannibal to come, and he wanted to come inside him. Fuck, he wanted to come inside him bare, watch it all leak back out of him. The fantasy that Hannibal would stick around long enough for them to get up to date tests and make sure they were clean before disposing of the condoms, pulled a groan from Will's chest.

Will squeezed his eyes shut and continued to thrust. He knew he wasn't going to last much longer. And then-

"Daddy!" Hannibal wailed and practically convulsed, spilling all over Will's hand and the sheets below.

""Fuuccccckkkk." Will growled the word against Hannibal's flesh, thrusting deep, pressing deeper and spilling. He came hard. Harder than he could ever remember coming before. "You're perfect," Will muttered, half delirious from his climax. "You're so fucking perfect."

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Hannibal felt used.

So deliciously and thoroughly used. It had been a long time since it had been like that. In fact, he wasn't sure it had ever been. But certainly not with his other gentlemen friends.

It was different with them. He never let them fuck him. He kept it to chaste hand jobs and blow jobs, they never touched him. And that had always worked fine, they never cared if he received pleasure.

Many men took him on dates, wanting an escort, a pretty young thing on their arm. But they were never really dates. The questions, the getting to know each other, never went both ways. There was never flirting and banter. It was always fawning and being attentive. He hadn't had to be that way with Will.

Everything was different with Will.

It was wonderful.

But Hannibal wasn't a fool. He wasn't about to look this gift horse in the mouth.

"So, what's your story anyway?" Will asked. "You never actually told me about the Count thing. Is it for real?"

Hannibal lay in Will's arms.

They'd had moved to the other side of the luxurious, yet practical, bed. Avoiding the wet patch Hannibal had left in his moment of pleasure. And quite some moment it had been!

He hadn't resisted as Will had pulled him over to the other side of the bed, to his chest, and then pulled the blankets over them. The perfect picture of post-coital happiness.

Will was right, they had talked at length the night before about all manner of likes and dislikes and childhood scrapes. But he hadn't clarified that point. A point that had only come up for the truth of the fact that it wouldn't take long for some journalist to recognise who he was.

"It was real. Once." Hannibal finally admitted. The note of sadness that might once have been there was gone, but the bitterness had not.

Will shifted and looked down at him, an expression of comfort and concern that was surely real. "Tell me what happened."

Hannibal drew a breath and let it out slowly. He could say no, or tell Will some pretty lies. And Hannibal knew it wasn't smart, but there was something in the way they had been with each other that made him want to tell Will everything.

"My father was a Count, a hereditary title. One I actually still have, technically. Though nothing else." Hannibal had never really told all this to anyone before, and had never planned to. But with Will, even if this was all just a temporary reprieve from reality, it felt so natural to have this conversation.

“My parents passed away when I was a young child and I was raised by my uncle, Count Robertus Lecter. He was a hard man, but a good man. For the most part. He indulged me, encouraged me in my entitlement. I wanted for nothing. I behaved in a way that befitted my position and the way I was treated.”

Hannibal paused to consider how to explain the rest. The nights of debauchery when he was at university. The way he indulged in every hedonistic possibility. It had been as much an education as his classes. But then word had gotten back to his uncle about exactly the kind of man Hannibal was growing into.

Oh, he didn’t care about the parties, the illicit affairs. No, he only cared about who those affairs were with. Or more specifically, the gender of those people.

“It all came to an end when my uncle discovered that my bent did not lean towards women. It became quite the scandal. Homosexuals still face much descrimation in Lithuania, and it’s not something the public will easily accept in the nobility.” Hannibal shook his head, then enjoyed the way Will held him closer. “If I’d been discreet no one would have cared. They would have turned a blind eye. But I was young and foolish and decadent in my desires.”

“Wait,” Will interjected softly, “Don’t do that. Don’t take the blame for being who you are. Why should you have to be discreet about who you are?”

Hannibal let out a sigh and sank further against Will.

“Look, I was in the closet for years. I thought coming out would fuck up my career. And, I mean, I don’t think it did me many favours, and didn’t even come out until my star was definitely on the rise. I had just reached the point where I had to be me, I had to come out even though I knew that it might end my career.”

Hannibal hummed, wishing he actually knew a damn thing about this man. He really should have spent some time this morning looking him up on the internet.

“My uncle sent me here. Told me to come to America and think about my intentions. Let the scandal of my behaviour die down.”

“And you decided not to go back?” Will asked, stroking a hand up and down Hannibal’s back.

Hannibal huffed, “No. As soon as I was out of the way, my uncle stripped me of my fortune and disowned me. I still have my title, he couldn’t take that. It’s all I have.”

“So you became an escort,” Will seemed to choose the words carefully and that made Hannibal’s lips twitch up into a smirk.

“It just happened really. I was accustomed to a certain lifestyle. And it wasn’t difficult to find older men who wished to have something pretty around, a sugar baby. The sort of men that want a sophisticated, educated young man on their arm. And a Count no less. I moved from mansion to mansion, until they bored of me. Recently I’ve been living in a motel and seeing a

few businessmen when they come into town. Not so luxurious, but more freedom than being a fulltime kept boy."

Will went quiet but didn't stop stroking his back.

"It's not forever," Hannibal added. "There was something else my uncle couldn't touch. My inheritance, it comes to me when I turn twenty-five. Though I am anticipating have to fight him for it, so it could involve a few years of legal wrangling..."

"Is that… How many years away is that?" Will asked hesitantly, and Hannibal was amused by the nervousness there. He propped himself on his elbow to look at Will, enjoying his blush.

"How old do you think I am?" Hannibal asked, unable to hide his smile, which only seemed to make Will blush more.

"You, um, you look twenty one. I hope you're twenty one." Will winced.

Hannibal let out a soft chuckle, "I'm twenty four. My birthday is in January."

Less than six months until his inheritance.

Will visibly relaxed and Hannibal chuckled.

"Hey, you may well laugh, but I don't want to add to all this craziness by being the forty year old actor who brought home a minor."

"I'm sure it happens all the time," Hannibal teased.

"Oh yeah, sure. With the straight actors. Hollywood is the home of age gaps. But a gay actor? I'd be labelled a predator faster than you can blink. At least you're only… ugh, fifteen years younger than me. God, I'm old enough to be your parent." Will groaned and put a hand over his eyes.

"Only if you started exceptionally young, daddy." Hannibal chuckled and Will huffed, but continued to stroke his back all the same. They were silent for a few minutes before Will spoke again.

"Am I one of those men?" Will asked, and for a moment Hannibal was unsure how to reply. "I don't mean, um… I'm not an older gentleman in need of a pretty young thing on my arm. But, could I be?"

Hannibal looked at Will and blinked, whilst Will looked away.

"Shit, that all came out wrong. I guess I'm just not ready for you to leave."

*

Will had wanted to give Hannibal some space, some time. Wishing that he could take the words back.

Not that they were untrue, he really did want Hannibal to stay. He had the money to take care of him in any way he wanted. He could be Hannibal's sugar daddy.

Which sounded insane and wasn't something he'd ever thought he'd consider. But he didn't care what it was called, he wanted more of Hannibal, more of the last day. And if the way to have that was to take care of the young man and indulge him, then so be it.

Will had jumped in the shower and wasn't surprised to find Hannibal gone when he returned. Will looked out the window to see if the young man had gone for a walk in the half wild gardens, but spotted him immediately.

Will let out a shaky breath, his cock stiffening and his heart thumping as he watched Hannibal, naked and swimming languid lengths in the pool.

Will groaned at the sight.

He wanted that, every day. He'd never felt this sort of connection with someone. It had been a day and it already felt domestic and warm. He wanted more than to just be his sugar daddy, but if that was all Hannibal would accept, then Will would take it.

Will took his time getting dressed and wandering down to the kitchen, wanting to give Hannibal as much time as possible, despite the urge to walk out to the pool. To him.

He fixed some sandwiches before releasing his phone still sat on the side.

Will let out a sigh and picked it up, bracing himself as he turned it on.

It immediately lit up with multiple missed calls and messages.

The majority he ignored, clicking first on the one from his dad, just in case it was something he should be concerned about.

I have to hear you have a boyfriend from the press now? I raised you better than that. Be sure to bring the lad next time you visit.

Will could hear his dad speaking the words, and the lightly joshing humour. He couldn't help but smile at it, and more at the thought of taking Hannibal to visit his dad in Louisiana bayou.

The smile disappeared completely with the next message, in fact a whole thread of them, from Bev.

Will. You are getting on my every last nerve. Answer your phone.

Fine. I'm sure you're busy. I hope you're not making things any fucking worse!

I've handled things with the studio. If the pilot is picked up, they aren't planning to drop you. Turns out they are now going to investigate that shit head. For now we need to handle this NEW situation with the COUNT!!

Will sighed and dialled.

“Oh Graham, you better be prepared for my wrath.”

“I’m sorry Bev, I needed some time.” Will replied, knowing that it sounded weak. He could practically hear her shaking her head.

“What the hell is going on?!”

“It was an accident. Um, a misunderstanding.”

“And yet Randall booked two tickets back home for you. I asked you to handle your shit!”

“Yeah, um… the Count. Hannibal. He’s here. With me.”

“What do you mean with you?”

“I… I don’t know yet.”

Bev let out an exasperated sigh. “Okay. So far the publicist has been issuing a hell of a lot of no comments, but I will tell you this doesn’t look good. The kid has a reputation as a wild child and you’ve just come straight from a set walkoff. If the press just caught you both doing the walk of shame, then-”

“It wasn’t like that. We didn’t… Um, not at the hotel. We ran into each other in the lobby and it was all spiralled into some-”

“So are you seeing each other? Have you been seeing each other? Is it serious? At least that I can probably spin better. The press won’t be able to as easily turn it into some lascivious story if it’s actually some sweet romance. Why the hell didn’t you tell me about this though?”

Will’s mouth went dry and he *knew* he should correct her, and that this whole thing was turning into another crazy spiral into something else. But he couldn’t. He didn’t want to. He wanted what she was suggesting.

“Bev, look, I have to go. I’m sorry about all this. Can I call you tomorrow when my head’s on a bit straighter?”

She grumbled but agreed and Will put his phone back down.

He clenched his jaw. Unclenched. Looked out the window and then back down at the sandwich.

This whole thing was insane. And maybe Hannibal would leave and sell a tell all story about the entire thing.

There were so many ways this could go.

Will drew in a breath and let it out slowly before picking up the sandwiches and wandering out to the garden. He placed them on the table on the deck next to the pool and then went down to the edge. He sat down, dangling his legs in the water, watching the lithe muscles in

Hannibal's back as he swam away from him. Wondered what it might feel like to have Hannibal over him, in him.

When Hannibal turned he spotted Will and looked up with a smile, gliding through the water at a gentle slice as he made his way over.

"You look like you should be some sort of nymph." Will smiled, enjoying the sight of the naked young man as Hannibal pushed his hair back from his face and then looked up at him.

He tread water and took hold of Will's thighs, staying there as he smiled, "I can be if you like."

Will let out a shaky breath, his heart pounding at the implication, that Hannibal really might stay..

"I don't need that, I don't need you to be like that," Will replied as he dropped his hands on top of Hannibal's and caressed them.

"I like it. Don't usually get to play like that." Hannibal pushed away from Will, floating on his back, showing his full nudity. "Is this alright?"

"Huh?" Will asked, swallowing thickly as his cock started to fill with interest once more.

"Public nudity? Are you going to arrest me, Officer?"

"Oh fuck," Will moaned and clenched his jaw, resisting the urge to just drop straight into the pool. "I, uh…" Will was ashamed at how hesitant he was, considering he was an actor, not that he usually had this sort of temptation on set. So finally he cleared his throat and replied. "I guess I could let you off with just a warning this time."

Hannibal smirked and lit up, floating back over and running his wet hands up to the crotch of Will's shorts.

"Oh, thank you officer. Can I show you how grateful I am?"

Will didn't resist as Hannibal pulled down his zip.

Twenty Four Hours Later

Days and weeks and months had passed in the last twenty four hours. Or so it felt.

It didn't feel like they had only been doing this a day, as Hannibal lay in repose on the sunlounger and Will pressed over him.

They were both naked, damp from the pool where they had floated around kissing and exploring each other with their hands until they wanted more. Will had grabbed a condom from his pant's pocket before making his way over to the prone young Count.

Hannibal moaned and stretched, his lithe body supple but for one very hard area.

Now that Will had truly had chance to study him, he saw the fae boy was something Hannibal presented to people. A suit he wore. Will saw beyond that now. His frame was lithe, yes, but athletically muscular and strong. His hair was mussed from the pool water and his stubble had grown, making him look less young. Fae Hannibal was a consciously manicured look that he had now let slip. And Will wondered whether he ever did that around others, he had the strong sense that he didn't. And that pleased Will more than it should.

Will hummed his response to Hannibal's hardness and pushed Hannibal's legs apart. Hannibal let them fall open as Will settled between them and leaned in for a kiss.

It was slow and soft, Hannibal's hands playing in his hair as they writhed together.

"Fuck, you're so beautiful." Will rumbled the words as he pulled back and ripped open the condom pack.

Hannibal grinned up at him, "I look even better in diamonds and pearls, if you're ever tempted."

Will chuckled and shook his head, rolling the condom on to his already rock hard length. "I'll have to see if Tiffany's deliver."

"Hmm." Hannibal hummed his amused pleasure and held his arms out to welcome Will back to him as their bodies came together.

Will savoured the feeling of Hannibal around him as he slid right in. He was still open and slick from the morning. The first time in a while Will had woken to a blow job. And that had quickly become more.

"Oh fuck, you feel so good." Will mumbled as he lay over Hannibal, his elbows and knees taking his weight as he leaned in to kiss the boy once more.

His thrusts were languid and unhurried. Hannibal moaned and stretched out, luxuriating in the gentle rhythm.

"You're so good to me, daddy. So gentle with me." Hannibal's voice had an edge of sleepiness to it that betrayed quite how relaxed he was.

Will's response was a grunt as he continued to rock into Hannibal.

"Mmm daddy," Hannibal expressed his pleasure and as much as it turned Will on, there was something that would do so all the more.

"Call me Will, please." His words were breathless.

Hannibal let out a trembling breath of his own and Will realised that the moniker hadn't just been about kink, but about keeping this impersonal.

But then Hannibal replied, "Will," full of affection.

"Hannibal," Will replied, pulling back to look into his eyes.

And that was how they remained, gazing at each other as Will slowly fucked into him, built them both closer and closer to their climax. Hannibal's cock caught between them created a slick trail, as he rutted. The pleasure that brought him caused clenching around Will that just drove him deeper.

"Will, you feel so good." Hannibal near sobbed as the slow pace began to drive them both to their limits.

He clenched again and that was all Will could take, pushing through the tightening ring of muscles a few more times before pressing himself as fully to hilt as possible and filling the condom with the evidence of his desire.

Will caught his breath for a moment before reaching between them and taking hold of Hannibal's cock, stroking it fast but gentle. He spilled within seconds with a slightly strangled cry.

They panted and trembled as they came down from their climaxes.

Will sighed and rested against Hannibal, feeling sated as he softened and started to slip out of his lover. Will reached down to take hold and make sure the condom didn't go astray. He pulled it off and dropped it over the side of the lounger before sinking back against Hannibal and pressing his mess between them.

"I like this." Will mumbled. "I like you." He had to say it.

Hannibal had never really given him a verbal response, they had simply slipped into this. And a day later it felt like they had been together years.

"I like you too," Hannibal replied gently, his fingers finding their way to Will's hair, curling it over and over.

"I meant what I said. You can stay here, I can look after you. Be your sugar daddy if that's what you want. Just until your birthday, or whenever the money comes through. Just so I know you're okay." Will spoke the words against Hannibal's throat, savouring the closeness for as long as Hannibal would allow it.

"And what about after that?" Hannibal asked, soft and quiet.

"If you want to."

"Until you bore of me." Hannibal replied with a self deprecating chuckle.

Will pulled back and looked at him. "I'm not going to bore of you Hannibal."

"You want to be my sugar daddy?" He pushed with a tease and Will cocked a brow.

"I want to keep seeing you. I want to date you, I want to fuck you. I want to make sure you're safe and cared for."

“If you’re lonely you might find a pet dog more manageable.” Hannibal smirked, but Will could see it, the resistance. The hesitancy born of the fear of getting close only to be abandoned or rejected.

“I can’t,” Will teased back, noting the look of relief on Hannibal’s face when he didn’t try to press that moment of vulnerability. “I’m not here enough to take care of one. Shooting schedules can be crazy.”

“I… I can be here to look after it.” Hannibal replied, his eyes doe like.

“You’re going to be my pet sitter?” Will joked.

“Oh, no. Not at all.” Hannibal replied, incredulous. “They make nowhere near enough money. If I’m staying here I expect to be kept in the style to which I have grown accustomed.”

Will laughed at the tease, but also with relief. He nuzzled into Hannibal’s neck.

“I’m sure I can manage that.”

“Until my birthday. And, maybe after.”

“Dogs can live a long time, wouldn’t want the poor thing to have the upheaval.” Will replied, his heart pounding and his cock trying valiantly to harden again as he began to rub himself against Hannibal.

“Very true. I suppose I’ll be staying a while then.” Hannibal replied, then gasped as Will ducked his head and licked over his nipple. “I promise I’ll be good for you, daddy.” His tone was jokey and Will smiled against his lightly haired chest.

“You’d better,” Will growled.

“Yes, Officer.” Hannibal moaned and Will sank lower down his body, stopping only when he sucked the thickening length of Hannibal’s cock into his mouth.

At this rate, another twenty four hours and he might end up asking Hannibal to elope with him. And the thought of that wasn't off putting at all.

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